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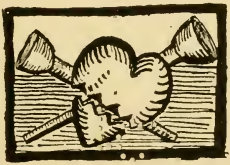
Faithless Nelly Gray

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

A PATHETIC BALLAD
Written by THOMAS HOOD

The text illuminated and explained
by numerous original drawings
By ROBERT SEAVER



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DEDICATED
WITH MUCH AFFECTION
TO
M. C. S.
THE THIRD IDLER

Faithless Nelly Gray

Faithless Nelly Gray

Ben Battle was a soldier
bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off
his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off
the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second
leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made
him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden mem-
bers quite,
As represent my legs!"

Faithless Nelly Gray

Now Ben he loved a pretty
maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his
devours,
When he devoured his pay!

Faithless Nelly Gray

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

Faithless Nelly Gray

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly
Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet
coat
Should be more uniform!"

Faithless Nelly Gray

Said she, "I loved a soldier
once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a
man
With both legs in the grave!

Faithless Nelly Gray

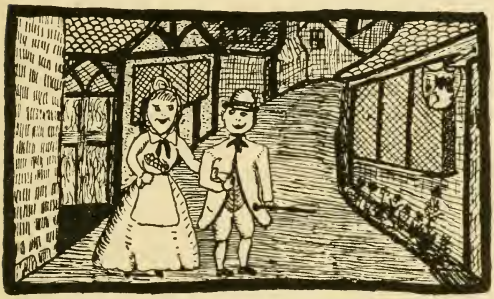
"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

Faithless Nelly Gray

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly
Gray!
For all your jeering speech-
es,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

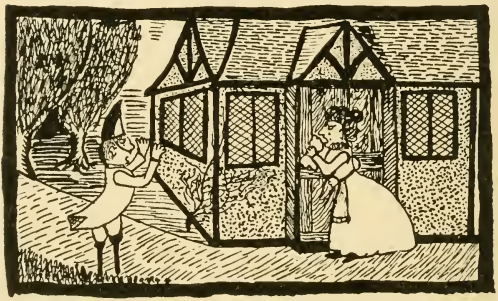
"Why then," said she,
"you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear
your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

Faithless Nelly Gray



"Oh, false and fickle Nelly
Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I 've no feet—some
other man
Is standing in my shoes!

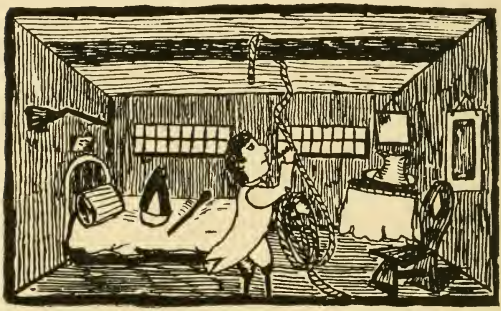
Faithless Nelly Gray



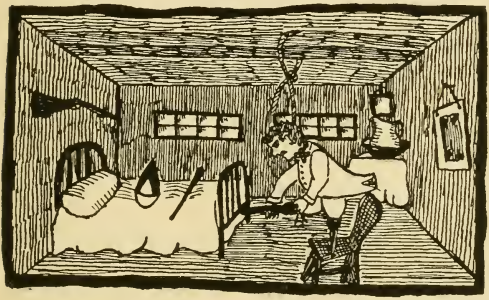
"I wish I ne'er had seen
your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—
alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Faithless Nelly Gray

Now when he went from
Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen
grown,
It made him take a knot!



So round his melancholy
neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in
life,
Enlisted in the Line!



One end he tied around a
beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—
of course,
He soon was off his legs!

Faithless Nelly Gray

And there he hung, till he
was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut
him up,
It could not cut him down!

Faithless Nelly Gray

A dozen men sat on his
corpse,
To find out why he died,—
And they buried Ben in
four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

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